THE

HARVARD LYCEUM.

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POETRY.

WE take great pleasure in informing the readers of the AD, that we have procured, for our extracts from the fourth book of it, a very neat engraving of the plate that accompanies it. We are fully sensible and deeply regret that we do Mr. Lowbard a piece of injustice, in withholding the accompaniment of a plate to each book. Poetry however like his little needs the assistance of the engraver, and the engraver may only hope to honour himself, by imitating the speaking descriptions of the poet. That the engraver should be allowed to claim this honour for his execution of the present picture we freely confess, and must express our opinion, that in the touches of his tool, he has almost rivalled the pen of the bard.

THE AD,

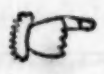
A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK IV. ARGUMENT.

Of primary earths—Characteristick properties of ores—Definition of a metal—What some mean by Phlogiston, or fire clothed with a body—Of platina, gold, and quick-silver, or perfect metals—so called because they suffer no oxydation in the furnace—Of silver, copper,

iron, lead, tin, and zinc—Of the semi metals—The United States replete with minerals—yet are we dependent on foreign nations for riches that lie under our feet—Better for us to find mines of tin than gold—The scarcity of the last augments its value—The extravagant price set on diamonds and other glittering stones ridiculous in the eyes of Americans—" Quot manus atteruntur ut unus niteat articu-
" lus."

Plate IV. *Opposite* p. 123.



Quot manus atteruntur—what a fuss—
Ut unus niteat articulus.
AD, BOOK IV. L. 781—2.

R. Foolton pinxit. *a smith scul.*

The authour, taking into consideration the numerous meteors and airy phenomena, which have of late been whisking round this devoted planet, anticipates, at no very distant period, that the earth will either be burnt up by them, or else so bruised, indented, and disfigured by collisions with them, that it will not be worth living on. His inference is, that, as a dying man if he be prudent sums up his goods before he quits them; so should we, before we are consumed from the face, or battered from the surface of the earth, reckon up the value of its goods and appurtenances, that we may either be consoled at the loss of them, by discovering their worthlessness, or, if we find them precious, by the reflection that our successours may enjoy them. With these impressions Mr. Lowbard gives us a fine description of the primary earths.

THE Argillaceous Aluminous beds
Lead their long veins and lift their chalky heads;
With bouncing Barytes, whose sparkling spar
Illumes old Anglezark and shines afar.

The glozing Glucine points its slippery edge,
Its serrate fracture, and its dulcet ledge.
The lambent Limestone, like a milky way,
Props the old hills, and dazzles back the day.
The doctors bless the mild Magnesia's skill,—
Ope the sick mouth, and cram the nauseous pill.
The solid Silex, in Basaltick forms,
Rears his huge causeway, to the shivering storms.
Edina wonders as she brings to light
Her new strange Strontia, blue or greyish white.
The old Swiss rocks, when from their centres hurl'd,
Showed infant Yttria to the admiring world.
While zealous Zircon, from the jacinth torn,
Beams its blue lustre, like Scandinia's morn.

The opinions of philosophers on Phlogiston are detailed, with systematick as well as conscientious accuracy and minuteness. But it is only in relating the opinions of others, on this subject, that Mr. Lowbard preserves the gravity of a philosopher. When he comes to convey his own ideas, he soars at once, on the pinions of poetry, into the realms of fancy and the regions of figurative illustration.

Come then, thou dæmon, from thy dread domain,
From realms of sorrow, punishment, and pain.
Come to the glasshouse, where the compost stuff,
They curve to cylinders, to globes impuff.
What bickering blazes shout upon thy name,
What curling columns sparkle to thy fame!
See the fierce furnace, in whose gaping jaws
The Kelp-weed fuses, and the Silex thaws.
Pots after pots, placed round in proper rows,
Transform the ingredients and the glass compose.
Two dozen workmen paid with pinching hire,
Lift the long log, and lay it on the fire.
Large noble oaks that shadow eastern hills,
Exhaust their moisture, and imbibe their rills.
She comes, the fiend, her crackling jaws expand,
Roll her red eyes, and flames her blazing brand.

Her wings, like thunder clouds, the welkin sweep,
Shock the tall spires, and splutter o'er the deep.
She gains the house, and all her store unlocks,
Her flints, steel, matches, and her tinder box.
From her hot lungs, her blazing breath exhales
Phosphorick zephyrs and Calorick gales.
Bright blazing flames around her temples cling,
And kindling cinders sparkle from her wing.

The poet proceeds, according to the argument, to describe the several metals. In these descriptions he confines himself to that plainness of didactick style, which becomes the chymist. But when he comes to the reflection, that the United States are filled with metals, and that we notwithstanding make them a grand article of import, the pot of his fervent zeal boils over.

Lock up thy mines, Potosi, yield no more
The fatal poison, the infernal ore.
Dry, ye curst streams, from Africk's hills that burst,
And wash the dust, of plagues and pains the first.
Thou Russ, thine iron, keep it to thyself,
Thou slave to money, thou poor tool of pelf!
Thou dozing Dutchmen, see thou no more deal
In brittle Halbach or in blistered steel.
Henceforth the Yankee's noble soul declines
Penzantick tins, from Cornwall's dungeon mines:
Would rather starve, no penny and no groat,
That either pass of foreign copper wrought.
Ope thy deep fields, Columbia, and display
Where mines of gold and beds of diamonds lay.
Unfold the treasures of thy teeming shore,
Pure rills of mercury, veins of silver ore.
Expand the native smelt-house of thy land,
Thy brass all made and ready for the hand:
Show where thy fires, with fierce volcanick art,
Tons of bell-metal and of bronze impart.
Show these to congress, show them all thou hast,
Count mine on mine, thou ne'er shalt find the last.

Then bid defiance all abroad be hurl'd,
Defy the nations and despise the world.
Defend thy harbours, fortify thy shore,
Bid thy torpedos, and Columbiads roar.
From thy shot-towers thy leaden sleet prepare,
Gird on thy cutlass and advance to war.
See England's sons for kings and princes fight,
Chains all their laws, compulsion all their right.
Breathe threat and menace in Napoleon's teeth.
Tempt all his knowledge all his skill in death.
Tear from his brows the sparkling crest, that shines
With jewels plundered from a thousand mines.
Dash to the earth the tinsel gems, and smile
To think that these employ ten thousands' toil.
Poor wretched meed, unvalued, worthless prize,
How dead thy splendour to a Yankee's eyes.
No smarter jewel makes his wishes blest,
Than the brass button on his Sunday vest.
But ye poor wretches, delve, and dig, and die,
To seek the sparklers in the earth that lie.
Quot manus atteruntur, what a fuss,
Ut unus niteat articulus.

HERE we had intended to close our extracts from the fourth book, but upon reviewing it, we are induced to add the following passages, both of them on account of their intrinsick excellence, and the former of them, because from its Italick characters, it appears to be an effusion from Mrs. Lowbard's pen. It occurs in the description of steel, and we have prefixed the context, that it may be better understood.

The iron, heated in Carbonick beds,
Widens its pores, and all its texture spreads.
The active Carbon winds and creeps along,
Embrittles, hardens, lengthens, and makes strong.
Then see the needle balanced on its prop.—
Though all the stars and every planet drop,
Though Ursa Minor from the skies were hurled,
And starless nights hung darkening o'er the world.

Still, faithful needle, would thy magick power
Direct the bark, and cheer the sailor's hour.
Point, with unerring finger to the pole,
Decide the traverse, and the tack controul.
See too my needle, hanging by its thread :—
Though every Tailor and his boys were dead ;
Though Brooks himself were from his counter hurled,
And vestless legs stalked through the modish world.
Still, faithful needle, thy domestick art,
To Mister Lowbard should a suit impart :
And, (while for Brooks in vain the dasher begs,)
Contrive his jacket, or array his legs.

I cannot refrain from pausing a moment on this picture. What a beautiful sight does it present to the mind of true taste! To see the wife of an elegant poet, an elegant poet herself, stooping from the elevations of song, the sublimities of poetry, to attend to one of the humblest of domestick duties! To see Mrs. Lowbard descending from the top of Parnassus, from the temple of the Muses, "to thread her needle, and to wax her silk!" Good woman, she indeed stoops to conquer.

The other passage, which we propose to extract, is from the description of Zinc. The combination of the ores of zinc with copper is known to produce brass. Brass therefore, and the several uses to which it is devoted, pass in review in this book. Among other instruments made of brass, door knockers are strikingly *touched upon.*

Couldst thou, O knocker, with prophetick art,
Each stranger's name, or stranger's wish impart,—
How often "not at home," would be sent down,
Or "quite unwell," or "riding out of town."
The dauntless dun alas would seldom find
The unwilling debtor for his bill inclined.
By country cousins might you hear it bawl'd,
"What! not within, this fifth time I have called?"—
And sometimes too, at virtue's happy dome,
At that unfrequent house, her worthy home,

The empty fop might dance attendance long,
Curse his hard fate, and join his kindred throng.
While modest youth an opening door should meet,
To draw his entrance, and invite his feet.
Within should meet that ever-welcome face,
That beams with friendship, or that charms with grace.
His faults forgot, his virtues overprized,
His hopes encouraged, and his doubts advised,—&c.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE.

I EPIST. 2 BOOK, FROM 102 TO 138 LINE.

In good old times, our worthy sires begun
Their daily labours with the rising sun :
'Twas theirs t' explain the laws' ambiguous bent,
And practise all the rules of cent per cent.
To pay due deference to maturer years,
To wiser tongues and firmer minds than theirs ;
And to the youth with glowing tints pourtray
The charms of prudence and of reason's sway.
But times are sadly changed ;—in nature's spite,
Each blundering blockhead now, forsooth, must write :
All ranks and ages to the mania bow,
And the green laurel blooms on every brow.
E'en I, though roundly I the charge deny,
Still let my actions give my words the lie :
Soon as the wood-lark hails the dawning light,
I quit my bed, my sleep, my dreams,—to write.
The unskill'd landsman ventures not to guide
The sea-rock'd vessel through the foaming tide ;
Nor he, unversed in med'cines healing art,
To soothe the pangs that rend the sick'ned heart ;
But still to his peculiar task confin'd,
Each fills the place that Providence design'd.
To no such bar the poet's taught to yield,
Nor learn'd nor unlearn'd fear the pen to wield.
Yet not unleagu'd with virtue, do we find
This seeming madness of the poet's mind.
Enthusiast fancy fires his raptur'd brain,
And dreams of pleasure kill all sense of pain

Virtue's sweet nurse supports his throbbing breast,
Sooths every grief, and lulls each care to rest.
Those casual woes which common minds controul,
Nor mar his joys, nor shake his steady soul :
Scorning by fraud or treach'rous arts t' allure,
His food is simple as his heart is pure :
What though unfit to lead war's blazing van,
His private virtues mark the social man.
Own that those praises to the bard belong,
Then grant these honours to the powers of song.
The poet fashions by his precepts mild,
The lisping accents of the tender child ;
Makes him from guilt avert his modest ear,
And, what he'd blush to utter, blush to hear :
Directs his little feet in wisdom's way,
And each wild passion bends to reason's sway ;
By tales of virtue makes him virtue's friend,
And future morals on his words depend.
Disease and penury vanish at his call ;
All share his bounty, for he feels for all.
Without the bard, how could the sacred choir
Of youths and maidens hymn our common Sire ?
Now by the melting strains of musick's power,
The gods propitious pour the grateful shower ;
Foul famine, forc'd to leave the rescu'd prey,
With mutter'd curses quits the realms of day :
War's horrid trump to peaceful numbers yields,
And the rich harvest loads th'exulting fields.
Hail, heaven-born poesy, whose softening charms
Can rob the thunderer of his blazing arms !

REMARKS ON JOHNSON AND COWPER.

The good fortune of Haley, in being able to exhibit a life of Cowper in a series of confidential letters, was remarkable, and could not but ensure his volumes an attentive perusal. The biographical work of Boswell too derives not a little of its excellence, from that veneration for his master

which induced him to detail with fidelity every conversation in which he was engaged. These circumstances contributed to increase in a great measure that interest, with which the lives of Johnson and Cowper were regarded, and that avidity with which every thing that related to them was read. Though they were both eminent scholars, the difference of their situations produced a correspondent difference in the field of their literary exertions. While Johnson was at the head of the wits in the metropolis, Cowper sought the society only of a few minds, assimilated to his own by the most delicate and exquisite taste. The subjects which we find discussed in the company of Johnson are various, and many of them popular. Those which occur in the letters of Cowper are for the most part purely literary. Boswell is therefore read by all, while Hayley is perused only by a few. There is something so imposing in the intercourse of great minds, associated as it were for the purpose of displaying each other's strength and acuteness, that it commands not only the applause of the learned, but the admiration of the ignorant. Many, who would be dazzled by the splendour of Johnson, would be insensible to the mild and unobtrusive lustre of Cowper. Many too are not attracted by wit and learning, but by the noise, and raillery, and virulence, which so often accompany them. This is sufficient reason why so many vulgar understandings are gratified by the perusal of Boswell, which would not relish the pages of Hayley. The secluded scholar of Olney will afford little pleasure to him, whose mind is not sufficiently cultivated to partake in his learned leisure; for in the tranquil tenour of his life, we see none of those asperities and contentions which so often occur among more ambitious candidates for literary fame. His epistles furnish another proof that in their private correspondence we may best discover the character of men. The active scholar may find in these letters the best method of improving time, and

may observe in their illustrious authour an admirable pattern of unremitted exertion. Above all, the life of Cowper shows how much that man may enjoy, who willingly secludes himself from the world, and in the company of a few select friends retires into the gardens of literature. Indeed, I cannot think of Cowper and his elegant society without believing that he attained the highest of literary enjoyments, and the perfection of literary life.—Though he was oppressed by a dreadful malady, we are delighted with frequent and lucid intervals, in which the powers of his mind shine forth in all their brightness. But in his happiest moments of hilarity, his wit, though abundant, is ever innocent. Unfortunately however, with the mass of men that wit which is innocent often fails to be recognized; and many are attracted by the personal invectives of Johnson, whose vitiated taste would disregard the inoffensive facetiousness of Cowper. The diversity between the minds of those two celebrated men, though in a great measure natural, must have been increased and confirmed by the different company in which each other mingled. Johnson was a literary adventurer, whose fortune was ever varying; and whose mind, if it was sharpened by literary debate, was certainly exasperated by literary animosities. This was not the lot of Cowper. His feelings naturally so acute were rendered yet finer by the society of female friends, whose learning could direct his studies when he was well, and whose vivacity could enliven him when he lingered in disease. On a mind so susceptible as was Cowper's, how great and happy must be the influence of the conversation of friends, whose understandings were so cultivated, and whose tastes were so refined? Undoubtedly, we are to attribute that wonderful delicacy, which pervades all his works, to his intercourse with such minds; and I cannot but think that his amiable cousins contributed more not on-

ly to heighten his moral feelings, but to improve his taste, than could ever have been gained in the meetings of the famous Literary club.

DR. GOLDSMITH'S BLUNDERS.

SCARCELY any works of this most celebrated authour have come to the hands of American readers, which have not challenged their admiration and applause. His style is so sweet and simple, and his wit so natural and unaffected, that we read his writings over and over, with renewed gratification and delight. As a man of science, however, Dr. Goldsmith is but very little known in this country. His eight volumes on Animated Nature, though we are told that even they cannot claim the merit of originality, are all of his labours in that department which are generally read here. We find few errours in them considerable enough to excite any smiles of ridicule, or want of confidence in the general statement of his facts.

But to his native countrymen Dr. Goldsmith stands a little more exposed in the character of a Natural Philosopher. In the year 1770, he published a book, entitled "A "survey of Experimental Philosophy, considered in its "present state of improvement." It may be amusing to some of our readers, who consider Dr. Goldsmith as one of the best English essay-writers, to present them a short extract or two from their favourite authour, while dabbling in chemistry, electricity, &c. It will likewise perhaps serve as an exemplification of the ridicule we are liable to incur, when we misapply talents otherwise useful and excellent.

He shows rather his powers of vivid description than his scientifick knowledge in the following account of an

electrick spark, excited by a common apparatus. "An "appearance is excited that *every way resembles lightning;* "the flash is sudden, the noise is loud, a sulphurous smell "ensues, a *great pain* and shock is felt, and a slight burn "remains upon the finger that sustains the experiment." Will not the following terrifick description of the well known effects of a common Leyden phial, deter the students of our college from attending the lectures on Natural Philosophy, while the next course is delivered? Having related the common preparations for a shock, which were a coated square pane of glass "of about twenty inches diameter, "though the larger the better," which pane he would have some how or other connected with the apparatus, he proceeds:—"Things being thus disposed, the *chain* is strongly electrified by turning the globe, and thus communicating "with the upper side of the pane that *is electrified also. Now "should a man be so rash,* things being in this situation, as to "touch the under surface of the pane with one hand, while "with the other he touches the chain, that communicates between the upper surface and the globe, the shock would be "so terrible *that it would strike him dead in an instant!*"

We recollect in the excellent lectures delivered on this subject, during the last season, at college, mention was made of the terrour, which certain discoveries in electricity had produced among some moon-struck philosophers of Europe, and the terrifick tales invented and circulated in consequence. But we never before suspected that the charming authour, who has delighted and instructed us in the Citizen of the World, and the Vicar of Wakefield, was one of the victims of this delusion and mania.

Look at one more erroneous statement of the Doctor's, which are so abundant in this very philosophical "Survey." It is a description of Dr. Franklin's lightning rods. "Mr. "Franklin has invented a method of securing houses,

"and consequently the inhabitants, from the violence of "thunder. It is no more than procuring a *long* iron rod, "*which reaches from the cloud to the earth*, and is so erect- "ed in or near a house, as to touch no non-electrick sub- "stance whatever, except the ground below, *and the cloud* "*above!* The end of this rod, *touching the electrified cloud*, "imbibes the electrified fluid with which the cloud is charg- "ed, and carries it down to the earth; where it is discharged "without farther mischief." If this statement were true, we should raise no sort of objection against an epithet, which our philosophical Doctor applies to the lightning-rod. He calls it *long*. Long indeed it must be, and a subject of great congratulation to our working black-smiths, *to reach from the electrified cloud to the earth!*

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE SUBJUGATION OF GREAT BRITAIN UPON MORALS AND LEARNING.

When the days of adversity are present, when disappointment has succeeded disappointment, and the ardour of desire is extinguished in reiterated calamity, there remains a soothing mediatory propensity, which seems to stand between fate and its victim, cheer the latter with the distant perspective of better days, and assure it that the present evil will be ultimately productive of lasting good. Moralists agree that this propensity is no less necessary to man's very existence than essential to his happiness. It is not confined to individuals in its operations, but often animates whole communities; and the same confidence, which preserves an individual from despair and suicide, prevents a body of besieged citizens from opening to the enemy that thunders at their gates.

There are few exceptions to this general and almost universal confidence in the agreeable visions of hope; and some political as well as private situations seem to portend nothing but the succession of misery. Of this gloomy cast are most of the predictions of what would happen should the powers of France invade and conquer Great Britain. It is proper to observe, that we may not be suspected of belonging to any particular sect of politicians, that we do not mean to express any opinion upon the question, whether it be probable that the event now supposed will actually happen. But we beg leave to state some of the consequences which we think would follow if this event should take place; and particularly its consequences upon the learning and morals of mankind. This is hardly a topick for party politicians; but it is in taking this same view of the subject, that some, perhaps most who have written upon it, have been most gloomy in their apprehensions, and most fervent in deprecating the awful consequences which they fear must ensue. It is not without much deliberation, and calm attention to the consequences of past revolutions as well as to the present state of the world, that we presume to think differently in regard to the influence which such an event would have upon morals and learning. We shall first consider the consequences which would probably follow in those parts of the world which are remote from Europe. I here take it for granted that the great body of the British nation are more free, more enlightened, better instructed in the arts of navigation, commerce, and naval warfare, and more generally protestant in their religion, than any other nation in Europe. I may venture to add, that as a nation they are more correct in their morals than any other in that quarter of the globe. Now let me ask, what would be the consequences of the dispersion of such a nation? Would they continue a distinct and separate people, like the Jews,

a proverb and a by-word, among the nations to which they should be dispersed ? Would they leave their religion, their morals, their love of liberty, their arts and learning upon their native island, a rich and invaluable spoil to its conquerors ? Would these perish in the flames which are to consume their houses ? Or will they carry them to every clime between the poles, and distribute them among the various tribes of men ? The English are a social people. They readily mingle with people of different languages and manners ; and they usually exalt those with whom they associate to their own rank, and never descend themselves to the level of uncivilized barbarity. They have already colonies in every part of the world. Their language is spoken in the sultry isles of India, upon the shores of the frozen lakes in Canada, and in the rude groves of New Holland and Taheite. These considerations joined to that of their enterprizing spirit, their disposition to cross the seas, and their haughty and deep-rooted antipathy to foreign domination, render it more than probable that, in case their native country should be conquered by France, a large proportion of the inhabitants would desert it. No doubt, in case of an invasion, the bones of many of their worthies would be left to " bleach " upon their green fields." But it is only doing justice to the " conqueror of Europe" to say that he does not prefer a war of extermination ; and for causes which he can neither annihilate, nor divert from producing their natural effects, we have made it pretty evident that the more valuable part of the survivers would inevitably flee beyond his immediate grasp. The countries which now look up with veneration upon the English as their superiours in morals and learning, could then boast of nourishing those very patterns of excellence. I repeat, that they would inevitably carry much of their learning with them ; and consequently a wider and more rapid diffusion of it would immediately take place.

The present difficult and laborious objects of British missionaries of religion and learning would then be obtained by necessity, and of course. The French power, if disposed, could not hinder these effects. But the truth of this proposition will best be shown, by tracing the consequences of the supposed revolution upon that quarter of the world which would be more immediately affected by it, which office we now proceed to execute.

This task is a little more difficult to perform; and it must be acknowledged that the immediate consequences would be unfavourable to the learning and morals of Europe. But a slight inspection into the genius of the French government will considerably lessen the difficulty. The French government is strictly a military despotism, which subsists by arms and continual warfare. A profound peace of any considerable duration would be prejudicial, if not fatal to it. When the last proud object of ambition is obtained, and England is fallen, where will Buonapartè find materials for war? If he finds them any where it will be in the rebellions of his own subjects. Before he can reduce his widely extended and ill compacted empire, made up of so many heterogeneous and warring elements, to any tolerable degree of security, and create a navy for achieving foreign conquests, (for the British navy is supposed to have crossed the ocean with its gallant lords) the effects of the dispersion of the British nation, in the remote countries to which they shall retire, will have taken place; and his hostile banners will meet with a hostile reception in every region which he shall think proper to molest or invade. But the probability is that these preparatory steps are more than he will be able to accomplish. The probability is, that after a short interval of dubious peace, a little respite from fatally victorious combat, Europe would again be convulsed in all the horrours of intestine war. This to be sure is not a very desir-

able event, if liberty could be otherwise restored ; nor would it be immediately propitious to the learning and morals of that devoted quarter of the world. But it is the natural, the almost inevitable consequence of usurping tyranny and unwieldy extent of empire. It is by such a struggle alone that liberty, long lost liberty, can be resuscitated upon continental Europe. The subjugation of Great Britain, it appears, would be likely to hasten such a restoration ; and when liberty and an equitable balance of power is restored, why should not improvement in morals and learning ensue? True it is that our predictions of consequences with regard to Europe might fail ; but with respect to the rest of the world I think we may reason with far greater confidence ; and, upon the whole, it appears that there is no certainty that the destructive consequences, which many have apprehended from the conquest of Great Britain, would follow. On the other hand there is no small probability that the remote consequences would be beneficial to mankind in general. But we would not imprecate evil that good may ensue. We would not invoke a certain calamity upon the prospect of an uncertain though probable blessing. We would not disturb the consecrated haunts of liberty, that she may in the end be exhibited to admiring millions. We most cordially reciprocate the sentiments of an enlightened and humane countryman, who after drawing a very beautiful, though not strictly impartial portrait of England, thus gives vent to his ardent benevolence in retracing the outlines of the delineation : " It appears something not less than impious to de-
" sire the ruin of this people, when you view the height to
" which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and
" the virtue of our species ; the extent and number of their
" foundations of charity ; their skill in the mechanick arts,
" by the improvement of which alone they have conferred
" inestimable benefits on mankind ; the masculine morality

" the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational " piety, which are found in all classes ; their impartial, de- " corous, and able administration of a code of laws, than " which none more just and perfect has ever been in opera- " tion ; their seminaries of education, yielding more solid " and profitable instruction than any other whatever ; their " eminence in literature and science ; the urbanity and " learning of their privileged orders ; their deliberative as- " semblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen " and brilliant orators." But the vividness of our hopes will not permit us to harbour those apprehensions of fatal consequences from the fall of England, which give a very different aspect to some parts of the same admirable production, of which we have just given a specimen.

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

Καινα Αρχαιου ΙΕΡΟΚΛΟΥΣ αστεια.

ά.

Σχολάστικος εξ Ιβέρνιας, της καίνης Βοιωτιης, ἐπεζευσε εἰς Λονδινον, και τινι ἱππευόντι ἀπαντήσας, " Ω φίλε," ἐφη, " αλλα βουλῃ τον ἵππον σου " μεταβάλλειν ἀντι τουτο ;" " Τι τυτο ;" αποκρίνεται ξενος, " ουκ εχεις " ἵππον." " Αλλα" εἰπε Ιβέρνικος " εἰ μεν σχῆσω, πῶς μεταλάσσης ;"

β'.

Σχολαστικος, ναυλης Παδδικος, ανα ὁδυς ἱππευσε δια τον θερυς χρόνον· ἱππος δε, λακτίζων ενέκα τυ απελαύνειν τας μυϊας, ετυχη την οπλην εις τον ιμάντα, τυς ποδυς υπεχόντα, εισβάλλειν. " Μα Δια," βοᾶ ναυτης, " αλλα " ει συ, φίλε ἱππε, αναβαίνεις, εγω μεν απο ἑδρας καταβήσομαι, γαρ υδε " πρεπον εστι, σε και εμε αμα ἱππεύειν."

γ'.

Ἰδέρνικος ωδύρετο τον φίλον αποθανόντα. Τινος δε πυθόμενου ποσον χρονον απο του αυτου θάνειν, ειπε, "ἐι ζησῃ μεχρι του νυν, τεθνεως αν "εβδόμαδα ἦ."

HEBREW LITERATURE.

NOTHING gives us a more lively idea of the approximating degradation of the favoured people, than the well known fact of their inferiority in literary accomplishments. There was not a book written, says Masclef, for six hundred years and more, that is, from the books of the Maccabees till the Mischnam of Judas Sanctus: and the object of his book was to collect the traditions, hitherto preserved by oral communication, unite them in a body, and commit them to writing. It was called משנה תורה, secunda lex. In Greek Δευτέρωσις: And it was lost before the time of Augustus. After this, till the Talmud with its commentaries and supplements were published, nothing appeared to evince that the holy language was not quite forgotten, but the Ordo mundi magnus, סדר עולם רבא, which was written about A. D. 140. Of this Masclef says, Auctor historiam suam cum Esdrâ, Nehemiâ, Malachiâ, aliisque prophetis absolvit, nihil addens præter unam aut alteram paginam ex Thalmudistarum deliriis et computis miserè consarcinatam. Another history like this was afterwards published under a similar name. And, says Masclef, post insulsos illos historiæ scriptores, nullus Abrahamo Levitâ, Ben David, seu ut alii volunt, Ben Dior, בן דאור, auctore Cabbalæ, refertur antiquior. Is brevissimam suæ gentis historiam texit, ab orbe condito ad annum 1161, quo scribebat. It must however be understood, that these writers

were the only notorious ones, who wrote in the purity of the scripture dialect; for the Rabbinical works of the Jewish doctors made their appearance at different intervals from the several schools, particularly the Babylonian, during the whole of the dark ages.

THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE.

It has often been observed, that the flippancy of a Frenchman will display itself on the most repulsive topicks. Few examples of the truth of this are more striking than the following extract from the preface to "Elèmens "raisonnès de la langue Russe," by professor Maudru, a scholar of no inconsiderable note.—"La langue russe a "l'imposante gravité de l'espagnol, la brillante vivac- "té du françois, la molle délicatesse de l'italien, la "force de l'allemand, et la richesse ainsi que l'éner- "gie du grec et du latin. Cicéron y conserve, dans "tout son éclat, sa mâle éloquence: et Virgile n'y "perd rien de sa dignité; ni Ovide, des agrémens "de son génie. C'est, un camp que l'œil ne "peut mesurer, ou plutôt une mer qui ne connoît "point de bornes; et dans son enthousiasme, Lomo- "nossove auroit volontiers dérobé à Milton son épi- "graphe; *Cedite, romani scriptores, cedite graii.*"

We cannot forbear accompanying this character of the Russ, with one or two specimens, regretting that they must appear in English characters, which will abstract much from the length and barbarity of their appearance. Vsesokoprevoghoditelvstvo signifies a "commander in chief." Vsemelostivichie is a complimentary epithet. Vsesokopreocvyachtchaenstso is "your holiness."

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

No. III.

October 20, 1810.

I KNOW so well, my dear son, the necessity, as well as the convenience, of fixing in your mind general principles, which will admit of particular application, that I must desire you to forbear a little longer, and not complain if my letters to you are upon unattractive topicks.

I know no subject of greater importance to a young man, than the choice of books to occupy his leisure hours. This indeed will interest you still more, at those advanced standings in college life, at which, as you have more time at your own disposal, you have more to improve or abuse; but it is now a matter of serious consequence, for you to settle your sentiments with regard to the choice of books.

The first thing that ought to meet your care, is not to devote hours, which should be employed on your college exercises, to any other studies whatever. You cannot presume to establish your judgment in opposition to the wisdom of those, who regulate college studies; and you need not be informed that whatever your profession or avocation in life; however remote its duties from the field of many of your studies, you will never find the elements, which you acquire of the various branches of knowledge, uninteresting or useless. It is too fashionable to slight, with an eye to future professions in life, the branches of study, whose connexion with those professions may be less apparent or intimate. It is too common a notion that the divine stands in no need of mathematicks, or the lawyer of classical literature. But you may read our best sermons, and you will see their obligations to those habits of mental discipline, which the study of the mathematicks is calculated to produce. Listen

to our first pleaders, and you will often be much more stricken with an elegant classical allusion or an illustrative simile, than by the soundest argument or most inevitable inference. Besides no man is to be a hermit in society. But how can an agreeable interchange of opinion or conversation exist, if each man's knowledge is to be bounded by the limits of his own more immediate studies. You will some times find it convenient to discuss a problem in geometry, or a phrase in a classick, though you had neglected the one as a minister, or the other as a lawyer. Remember too that you do not go to college to study your profession. Perhaps it is impossible to say what will be your own. Your object is to gain those elementary departments of the sciences, the knowledge of which will enable you to pursue any study, which domestick convenience, publick opportunity, or any thing else may render most eligible.

You know moreover that little is to be hoped from him, who confines his attention to his favourite studies, even in the prosecution of them. You have heard Cicero's remark, " omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quod- " dam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quâdam in- " ter se continentur" too often quoted, to be ignorant of the maxim it prescribes, that some acquaintance with all the branches of science is requisite to a valuable knowledge of any. An opportunity of forming this requisite acquaintance is afforded you at college. You are there required to pursue no study to its ultimatum; and there is none that engages your attention, that will not present many novelties, after your academick course is finished. You must therefore undeceive yourself, if you suppose any of the subjects of college study unnecessary to him, that desires only a familiarity with one or two.

But lest this should appear paradoxical I will endeavour to explain it. There is an indispensable necessity, that the

mind be liberalized and strengthened to a certain degree, before any study can be pursued to success. You must pulverise, mellow, and manure your soil, before you can drop your seeds in hope of harvest. This general cultivation of the mind cannot be effected by the exclusive exercise of one or two of its powers. You may strengthen your memory, improve your imagination, and quicken your judgment; but though all these faculties, even by themselves, are useful, how much more so are they, when they conspire to assist each other? But they never will cooperate with that necessary harmony and regularity, if one has been pushed on at the expense of the rest. As an illustration of my ideas, you may reflect, that though a talent of patient and profound investigation be the most prominent in a mathematical mind, it is of comparative inutility, unaccompanied by that quickness of perception, which will abridge the labour, and that retentiveness of memory which will preserve the process of operations. As to the study too of the languages, I presume it would be impossible for a scholar to read the extracts from Aristotle or Longinus in his Collectanea, with any tolerable satisfaction, without some acquaintance with rules of deduction and argument, as well as with principles of taste. I wish these considerations to induce you to pay equal attention to every branch of college study respectively.

But you may desire my opinion upon another point connected with this, whether it is advisable to pursue every branch equally, beyond the limits of your exercises in it. And I must confess that I think such a practice would be injudicious. Provision is made for your acquiring that knowledge of the several different departments of science, which is necessary. When this is done your time will be better employed in perusing books of general literature, or those perhaps which have relation to your probable profes-

sion, than in continuing a gratuitous attention to all the exercises. From some of them indeed I should be as little able as willing to withdraw your uninterrupted devotion. I trust that the time will never come when, whatever be your occupation in life, you will have ceased to read the classicks. I trust that they will be almost like hope, that "they will travel through, nor quit you *till* you die."

Let this letter, my son, receive your diligent perusal. I have no doubt that upon reflection you will think as I do; and that you will pay equal attention to the respective exercises in all the departments, though your doing so must be an offering at the altar of independence. Thus should you lay a broad basis for future eminence; and on whatever part thereof you may be called to build, you will find the foundation firm, and the corner stone immoveable: remembering that when this edifice of your fortunes is erected, though you wish to set by the fire in its corner, you will need an arch below to support the hearth, and a chimney above to conduct the smoke.

Your affectionate father.

P. S. You see, my son, that this letter is only preliminary to one that I shall send you, with respect to the choice of books.

ERRATUM.

Page 206, first period, read,—There are *a* few exceptions to this general and almost universal confidence in the agreeable visions of hope; and some political as well as private situations seem to portend nothing but the succession of misery *to disappointment and destruction to misery.*